

his eyes. During this whispered conference
 as many as
 could reach leant close to the speakers, like
 the " savages "
 that they are. I replied that I knew of no
 such philtres,
 that if the girl's beauty and sweetness
 could not retain
 her husband's love there was no remedy.
 She said she
 knew I had them, and that I kept them, as
 well as
 potions for making favourite wives ugly and
 odious to
 their husbands, in a leather box with a gold
 key! Then
 many headaches and sore eyes were
 brought, and a
samovar and tea, and I distributed
 presents in a Babel
 in which anything but the most staccato style
 of conver-
 sation was impossible. When I left the
 crowd surged
 after me, and a sharp stone was thrown,
 which cut
 through my cloak.

Later, Aslam Khan, his brothers, and the
 usual train
 of retainers called. He is a very fine-looking
 man, six
 feet high, with a most sinister expression,
 and a look at
 times which inspired me with the deepest
 distrust of him.
 His robber tribe numbers 3500 souls, and
 he says that
 he can bring 540 armed horsemen into
 the field. He
 too asked for medicine for headache. Not
 only is there
 a blood feud between him and Khaja
 Taimur, but be-
 tween him and Mirab Khan, through whose
 valley we
 must pass. In the evening the Khan's
 mother returned
 with several women, bent on getting the
 "love philtre."
 At night Hadji, who was watching, said that
 men were
 prowling round the tents at all hours, and a
 few things
 were taken.

On Monday morning early all was ready,

for the three
caravans from that day were to march
together, and I
was sitting on my horse talking with the
Sahib, waiting
for the Agha to return from the Khan's camp,
when he
rushed down the slope exclaiming, "There's
mischief!"
and I crossed the stream and watched it.
About twenty
men with loaded sticks had surrounded
Mujid, and were